HARDSHIP AND DEATH IN THE PATH OF GOLD SEEKERS. No Time Now for Tenderfeet to Try to Reach

the Diggings-Trading Companies Unable to Furnish Pravisions for the Hundreds Who Expect to Winter in the Etondike Region. JUNEAU, Alaska, Aug. 6,-It is time to tell again some plain facts about the difficulties of getting gold in Alaska. Alaska foresaw all along last spring that there would be a tremendous rush into the interior this summer, but not the wildest imagination could have dreamed of anything like what has oc-urred. The reports ought out from the Klondike by the two or three parties which came out last winter with mall from the interior were such as to excite even old Alaskans who have got used to stories big strikes in the placer diggings and are not easily carried away by that sort of excitement, but even southeast Alaska was not prepared for any such stories as have come over the pass or down from St. Michael this summer. Nor was it prepared for the tremendous excitement which those stories have created in the States. The result has been a rush such as old Fortynipers say colleges the stampede for California when the first discoveries were made there.

It is impossible, probably, to convey to people of the States who have never seen such a rush for gold, and who have never been carried away by such excitement, an adequate notion of the condition of things up here now. Alaska is overrun with men, many of them unprepared for the tremendous difficulties and hardships which they are certain to undergo, but nearly all of whom seem to expect that they will be able to pick up gold by the handful if they can only get into the famous Klondike diggings. Sober minded men of experience who have lived p here long enough to see other stampedesthough none of any such magnitude as thisome to their natural end in failure shake their heads and prophesy dismally of what is to be expected from the winter. The men who come over the pass next January will bring out with hem stories of the most desperate bardship and suffering, and it will be a great marvel if they do not have to relate horrible accounts of star-

vation and death by freezing.

In spite of all the warnings that have been printed and sent out from men familiar with the situation, the tenderfeet keep rushing in literally by the thousand. They haven't the faintest idea of what gold getting in the interior of Alaska means. Hundreds of men have come up here who don't know anything whatever about endurance or physical hardship. They are bank clerks, law clerks, clerks in stores, n of sedentary habits, men who never ve done one good day's hard work out of doors a their lives, narrow-chested, thin-shanked, softuscled men, who can no more endure the work panning gravel than they can get down to it ough the frozen surface dirt in order to pan Judged by the tests of same men, Alaska is full of lunatics now, and a large asylum would not accommodate a small proportion of them. Four thousand men, it is estimated, are camped

now along the beaches at Dyea and Skaguay waiting for an opportunity to get over the passe It is doubtful if more than as many hundreds et over. A good many of them, undoubtedly, will give up and go back to the States. They are beginning to do that already, but even their warnings, added to those of experienced Alas-kans, apparently have no effect on the onward rush. The boats that come up from below are ammed to the guard rails with men and freight They are bringing all sorts of things here, tome of the most amazing outfits that were he men who bring them fail to realize what they are undertaking. The condition of the in-toming boats is laughable. Every stateroom, every bunk in every cabin is occupied. Men eep on the decks. At night the tables in the sloons are cleared and men make up their unks there. Apparently it is any way to get to Alaska, and if it wasn't so far a good many would try to swim. They seem to think that all they need is to be here in order to get rich. Whatever opportunity there may be for men

ing and transportation companies, the Alas-Commercial and the North American, have been taxed to the utmost of their ability heretofore to take care of the winter Awellers on the Yukon , who have increased in mber only at an ordinary rate. The main depots of the trading companies are at St. Michael Island, a short distance from the mouth of the Yukon. The companies have to take their supplies 1,800 miles up the river to get to their trading posts. The river is open at the most about four months. The steamers are of necessity of light draught and not of great power. It is impossible for them to make great speed against the swift current of the Yukon. They are advertised to make four trips a year, from St. Michael to Forty Mile; but only in the most favorable seasons have they been able to accomplish that. Usually the last boat freezes up somewhere down below Circle City, some times as far down as the mouth of the Tanana. The result has been that every year provisions in the posts have run short. This last winter flour sold for almost a dollar a pound. The last pariy that came out on the ice reached Juneau in March. Flour at Circle City was then selling at \$36 per fifty pound sack, and that was at least six weeks before there could be any hope that the ice would go out and mouth of the Yukon. The companies have to and that was at least six weeks before there could be any hope that the ice would go out and give the trading companies a chance to get in hew supplies. Potatoes had all given out, and men were beginning to suffer from scuryy. Beans had gone to enormous prices, and bacon was no longer to be had.

Now that was in an ordinary year. This year, of course, the trading companies understood that there would are

Beans had gone to enormous prices, and bacon was no longer to be had.

Now that was in an ordinary year. This year, of course, the trading companies understood that there would be an increased rush to the interior. News of Klondike's strikes had already come out, and it was certain that a larger number of men than ever would undertake to find fortune along the Yukon or its tributaries. But the companies could not foresee the tremendous rush which the midsummer reports from the Klondike had started, and they did not have an opportunity to make any reasonable estimate of the number of men for whom they would have to care this winter until it was almost too late to make any extra preparations.

The wild stampede into the Yukon began at just about the time when the companies were sending their last boats from St. Michael. The companies have made their best efforts to get extra supplies up the river. Every sort of craft that could in any way be made available has been pressed into service, but it was impossible to make anything like adequate preparation for the demands which are certain to be made on the companies' stores this winter. The normal increase of population in the Yukon would not have been more than 500, if, indeed, as large as that, but already 2,000 men have gone ever the passes expecting to stay throughout the winter at least, if not until they have made their fortunes. Thousands more are waiting to go. Very few of these men, companies in the interior which have well-stocked stores, and they have taken outfits. Most of them have been fairly supplied with money. They have heard that there are trading companies in the interior which have well-stocked stores, and they have relied on them for provisions. It will be impossible for most of these men to come out this winter. The trip over the bases in the winter is a desporate undertaking. Only the most experienced and hardened Yukoners undertake it. If these tenderfect try it the melting snows next spring will reveal many bodies along the trail. So much for

handoned.

After getting over these passes to the headwaters of the Yukon, if one goes in the summer,
waters of the Yukon, if one goes in the summer,
we must whipsaw timber and make a boat. A
tood many of the old Yukonors prefer to go in
the spring, before the ice has gone out. Then
they make the whole journey with sledges and
no root, and can carry a much greater outfit and
more supplies. Packing over the pass is mostly
done by the natives. The ordinary price is from
\$\frac{3}{2}\$\text{2}\$\text{3}\$\text{2}\$\text{4}\$\text{1}\$\text{a}\$\text{1}\$\text{a}\$\text{1}\text{1}\text{a}\$\text{1}\text{1}\text{2}\$\text{1}\text{1}\text{2}\$\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{1}\text{1}\text{2}\text{1}\text{2}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{1}\text{1}\text{2}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{1}\text{3}\text{3}\text{3}\text{3}\text{4}\text{1}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4}\text{3}\text{4

up the Chilkoot Pass last spring and rigged a wire tram with block and tackle, and cut the price for packing down to \$5 a hundred, but the stampede has sent their price climbing with those of the Siwashes. The great expense of packing over the passes is one of the things which drives a great way to so with short.

those of the Siwashes. The great expense of packing over the passes is one of the things which induces a good many men to go with short outfits. They rely on the trading companies for their stores.

After the headwaters of the Yukon are reached, if the journey is by boat, the worst of the difficulty is over, but there is still a great deal of hard work and considerable danger. The current of the river is so swift that the boats travel with great speed. There are several rocky passages and rapids which are extremely dangerous, which only experienced men undertake. Usually portages are made around these rapids and the boats let down through by ropes.

It is difficult for the men who come up from the States to comprehend the tremendous changes in the Alaska chimate. Along the coast the temperature is very even. It is never cold and it is never hot, but there is a very heavy precipitation. The Japan current is responsible for both. The warm waters prevent the cold, and the warm waters prevent the cold wand.

and the warm waters prevent the cold, and the warm winds meeting the thermometer climbs to a tremendous height in the summer and gets into a terribe state of depression in the winter. At Circle City there has been a range of 186° within a twelvemonth, the thermometer going to 112° above zero in the summer and to 82° below zero in the winter. In the summer time there is a growth of verestion within the summer and the summer the ground begins to thaw out. The whole country is frozen so solid that it never thaws out completely. The sun gets the frost out for a few feet in the summer and then the most and the grass and the rank undergrowth of shrubs and weeds and reeds come on with amazing rapidity. Much of the country is like a swamp or marsh and mosquitoes infest it in myriads such as even the most mosquito-bunted Jerseyman at raight face and unwinking cys that they even kill the big cinnamon bears that inhabit the interior. Alaskans who have been into the Yukon country believe that story, whether the liexperienced residents of the States will or will not. But mosquitoes are not the only pests. There are flies by the hundred billions; black files, such as make life unbearable in the Adirondacks for a mouth each summer, and grast in swarms, of insect that ever was devised that could bit and strings have been most for the states will or will not. But mosquitoes are not the only pests. There are flies by the hundred billions; black files, such as make life unbearable in the Adirondacks for a mouth each summer, and grast will not. But mosquitoes are not the only for the insertion of the remarks of the first place to dispense the form the town will not. But mosquitoes are not the only for in the remarks o

was gained by it. No the only way to work is with the sun or with fire.

The reports which have come out of the interior have been extremely misleading to men who live in the States in one respect. They have been sunnily failed to consider the tume who made the strikes. Very little can be accomplished or has been accomplished in the Yukon by less than a three years' stay. A good part of the first season is consumed in getting to the mines. It takes the second season usually for preliminary work, even if a claim is at once discovered and located. By the end of the second year the claim ought to be well opened up, and perhaps enough money made to pay expenses. The third year the miner looks to make his profits.

It is true that some of the best strikes on the Klondike this year were made in the fail of '95, and they were so rich that they were beyond the belief of the oldest placer miners on the Yukon. Nothing that California ever produced could hold a candle to them. The men who had been prospecting the Klondike sent down to Circle City and Forty Mile and reported their discovery. That was the year when the Birch Creek and Miller Creek diggings were most successful. The miners who had been at work in those diggings laughed at the reports from the Klondike, and nobody started from Circle City and Forty Mile came to the conclusion that there must be some truth in the reports of the new El Iorado, and started out there. Last year they devoted very largely to prospecting, and not many claims were well opened up. So it happened that some of the tenderfeet who went in there along toward the close of lest year's acason and early this spring got hold of some of the best claims in the district. That thing has never happened before in Alaska, and it isn't likely to happen again.

The stories and wages that have been paid in the disgrags are no doubt responsible for a large part of the large rush up here. Many of the men who have come have come with the belief that even if they do notistrike claims which; will yield them c

CITEMUNK'S RICH SAND.

MAN'I FORTUNES MADE QUICKLY IN NEW YORK'S NEW OIL FIELD.

Pwners of Unproductive Parms Rendered Wealthy Suddenly - Riches That Have Flowed Out of Wells in 18 Months - A Bo-nanta on the Seneca Indian Reservation. BOLIVAR, N. Y., Aug. 21.-The most curious all field in the world has been developed in New York State in the past year. The new pool is ocated along Chipmunk Run, a mountain brook that empties into the Allegany River in the southeastern corner of Cattaraugus county. The field as defined at present extends along both sides of the Chipmunk valley for four miles and varies in width from 100 rods to two miles. The

mouth of the valley butts up against the Seneca Indian Reservation.
Of course Chipmunk has a history, but there is no record showing why the valley received such a name. Even the oldest inhabitant does not remember. The name was there when he came and blazed a road among the tall pines and picked out a level spot for a log cabin. It was a year and a half are when George Sheridan of Olean, an oil man of experience, but no capital, induced Dr. J. P. Colegrove of Salamanca, who possessed capital but no experience, to test the Chipmunk Valley for oil. Several wells were drilled, but they proved to be valueless. Just enough oil was found in each well to keep up the experiment until

Colegrove was discouraged. Then came a lucky turn. Newton & Johnson of Bradford, drillers and contractors, were consulted. In order to hold a lease of the King tract it was necessary to drill a well at once. Colegrove and Sheridan offered the contractors a half interest in all their leases if they would drill a well on the King lot. The offer was accepted after a great deal of hesitation. It was regarded as a foolish move by the contractors, but they were willing to chance it once for luck. It was to be the last test before giving up the field.

The progress of the well was watched with feverish interest by Colegrove and Sheridan. The night before the sand was reached they remained at the well. It was a stormy night, but they had too much at stake to mind that. The next afternoon, May 1, 1896, at a depth of 575 feet, the drill tapped twenty-five feet of rich gray sand and the hole filled with oil. A message was sent to a torpedo office and the next day the well was shot. It made a fine flow and started off at the rate of 150 barrels a day. It was the key that unlocked the field.

The owners were jubilant, but other oil opera-tors laughed at them, and said that no shallow well ever lasted long. King No. 1, as it was christened, paid for itself in four days, and in the first thirty days it poured out \$2,500 worth of oil, and is still flowing 450 barrels a month. This one well has produced a small fortune. Colegrove, Sheridan & Co. had great faith in the field, and proceeded to drill more wells, but it was early in September before other operators realized what a good thing Chipmunk was, and began to scramble for leases. When the time came to shut down drilling for the winter, there were 300 wells completed, and the monthly production of the pool was 50,000 barrels,

So great became the scramble for leases that some fabulous prices were paid to farmers. Coast & Son, of Olean paid John McCaffrey \$10,000 bonus and an eighth royalty for a fifty acre slice of his farm, and other operators paid large sums for what appeared to be desirable property. Some of the lease hunters bought

property. Some of the lease hunters bought gold bricks, for there is not a more deceptive oil field than Chipmunk, It is a guesswork land. Every well is a test well, and dry holes are drilled within 200 reet of 200 barrel wells.

The depth of the oil sand varies. At the mouth of the valley the Chipmunk formation is found at a depth of 392 feet, and back on the hills the wells are drilled down 100 feet. At the upper end of the field the sand is thirty feet in thickness, and further down the valley it is eighty feet thick. At the upper end of the valley there is a heavy gas pressure in the wells, and at the mouth of the valley there is scarcely any gas and there is great danger from salt water. Several wells that started off big have been drowned out by salt water, but the operators are gradually learning how to overcome that trouble. Salt water, which is the curse of

nonzes were built along the road up the valley.

In order to hold leases it was necessary to drill wells as fast as possible and in several instances rival operators began bucking the of the oil country is that operators that keep back a reasonable distance from the lease border, but in several canes derricks were built within eight feet of each other or on adjoining farms. A company of railroad employees leased the right of way from the Westorn New York and Pennsylvania railroad and drilled wells on both sides of the track for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance. The class of the rack for a long distance of the class of the railroad track. The writer counted II wells on less than three acres along the railroad track. The result was that the territory was drained. One well on ten acres is usually the rule.

"and cannot be distinguished from the beat Pennsylvania crude. The operators think that it ought to command a premium, and, in fact, an independent refinery is buying some of the product at an advance of ten cents a barrelover the prices paid by the Standard Oil Company, whose pipe lines cover every part of the field. The oil runs by gravity from the storage tanks on the longer to the sky pump station at the mouth of the prices paid by the Standard Oil Company, whose pipe lines cover every part of the field. The oil runs by gravity from the storage tanks on the big pipe line that runs to the soaboard refineries.

When the oil boom came the Chipmunk valley was a sleepy hollow, shut in by hills five hundred feet high. The henlock and pine timber had been cut away and fire had run through the slashings. There were a few good farmbouses along the creak had good and the price of the results of the price of the results of the price of the

is an orchard that he set out with his own hands. He has received subjood in tones and hands. He has received subjood in the hands. He has received subjood in the hands. He has received subjood in the his own hands. He has received subjood in the his own hands. He has received subjood in the his own hands. He has the first hand the his own hands. He had the his own hands with every stranger that comes along. The outlet he hands with a subjood watching the pumpers at work on the wells on his farm, and shakes hands with every stranger that comes along. The outlet had not have to not have an experiment of the minimum of the his proud because it is shown as McCabevilla.

The widow Mart to be on the belt, in the case.

The widow Mart to be on the belt, in the received from royalties is \$100 a week. Her three daughters are counted among the most eligible in the valley by the young farmers. Of course the received has the his own has pring up on his farm, and he is proud because it is shown as McCabevilla.

The loughesty lot of forty acros was of such small importance that it was sold for taxes a couple of years ago allowed his his own has pring and his did not have a such as the treat was worth \$40,000. In less than a year it has produced \$90,000 worth of oil. A year ago George Builkley was pumping on an oil lease near howar a fifty-are with the strip vas only \$30 and the taxers. Mrs. Hollkey's mother was taken Ill, and she went there to nurse her. Mr. Builkley was pumping on an oil lease near howar a her was taken ill, and she went there to nurse her. Mr. Builkley was pumping on an oil lease near howar a her was taken ill, and she went there to nurse her. Mr. Builkley was pumping on an oil lease near howar a fifty-are with the his mand another his with the sease.

The loughesty lot of forty acros was of such small my such as the course of the such as the such was a such as the such was a such as the such as the

fine residence.

"I am getting tired of loafing." he said to the writer. "I believe the happiest man is the one who works every day, and I have not enjoyed being rich. Money don't make me as contented as I always dreamed it would, and you need not be surprised to hear that I have gone back to work again."

be surprised to hear that I have gone back to work again."

P. H. Davitt of Bradford, after drilling seven dry holes and getting heartily sick of wildcating, secured a lease of 100 acres of the McCafrey farm last fail. Three weeks after the lease was cheched he received an offer of \$20,000 for his bargain. He went to drilling and several of his wells started off at 200 barrels a day, and his investment will bring him a fortune. His wells are located in a swamp almost inaccessible from the main road. The water is two feet deep around some of the wells, which are connected by a plank sidewalk built on spiles driven into the mud.

In searching for an extension of the Chipmunk pool to the west, in the town of Red House.

the much imp for an extension of the Chipmunk pool to the west, in the town of Red House, Dougherty & Wellman struck a gas well that is flowing nearly 2,000,000 feet a day, and smother that is almost as cood. When the sand was tapped the tools were blown out of the hole, and the roar of escaping gas could be heard two miles away. The gas was sold to the Standard Oil Company and piped to Bradford and other cities supplied by it. Dougherty & Wellman havel, 400 acres leased, and will drill wells on the tract as fast as they are needed to keep up the pressure. Their income from the two gas wells amounts to several thousand dollars a month. Other test wells have been drilled in other directions and some oil found, but the cream of the pool is confined to the Chipmunk Valley and surrounding hills.

The Devonian Oil Company has several thousand acres of land leased in the Chipmunk Valley, and is the leaviest operator. It has 100 men on its pay roll. The South Penn, a branch of the Standard, has a big string of leases and a good-sized production. In November there were thirty strings of tolls running in the field; now there are not inore than six, owing to the steady decline of the oil market and the fact that it is no longer necessary to drill wells to hold leases and there are no line fights in progress. There are hundreds of locations for good wells to be drilled, besides the possibility of finding a paying sand at a lower depth. When the oil market starts upward there will be lively times on the leases.

The lease that has created more talk than all

oil market starts upward there will be lively times on the leases.

The lease that has created more talk than all of the others is owned by the Seneca Oil Company, composed of Salamanca men, who have a ratified lease of 4,000 acres of the Seneca Indian reservation. This is the lease that Senator Quay tried so hard to have annulfied last spring. As soon as the Chipmunk developments headed toward the reservation there was a scramble for leases. It was claimed that the Indians land no right to lease land as individuals; that the mineral and oil rights belonged to the Government. A meeting of the Seneca Nation was held at the council house, and several offers were made for the oil right of a portion of the reservation. The proposal of the Seneca Company was accepted. It was claimed that fraud secured the lease, and an investigation was ordered. The Alaska, and if it wasn't so far a good many would try to swim. They seem to think that all they notif by and by he gets to the pay they need to got rich.

Whatever opportunity, there may be for men who start now, except the chance to starve and freeze.

The experience of other years proves that this is so. The great stamped to Cook Intel two years ago ought to be enough evidence if there was nothing more, but there is more. It is worth while to consider the experiences which the men who have wintered in the interior in other years have had. Last year probably more men stared and the fulton than ever before in the history of Alaska's gold diggings. No accurate census of them could be made, but it is not probable that more than 2,200 lived through the winter on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Sun of the sun of the winter on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Willow of the winter on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Willow of the winter on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Willow of the winter on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Willow of the winter on the Willow of the winter on the Yukon Twon, I was not start on the Willow of the winter of the Willow of the winter on the Willow of the winter on the Willow of the winter of the Willow of the winter of the Willow of the winter of the wint

who were friendly to the Seneca Company demolished the derrick and stood guard for two weeks on the disputed ground and kept the righuilders off the reservation. The Seneca Company will make a fortune out of the lease. It already has 11 oil-producing wells. Its lease runs for ninety-nine years, and there is room for 400 wells on the property. The Indians receive a royalty. The bonus paid by the Seneca Company was small, and it made a ten strike when it captured the lease.

Chipmunk is the richest shallow pool in the world. The cost of completing a well is about \$400, and some wells have paid out in three days. It usually takes a week to complete a well. In West Virginia, for instance, the wells are 3,300 feet deep, require three months to complete them, and cost \$10,000. Chipmunk wells are shot with forty quarts of nitroglycerine, and after flowing a few days are rigged up and set to pumping. Up to the present 500 wells have been drilled, and it has not been all smooth sailing. A scere of men have made fortunes, and other operators have sunk the savings of years in a string of dry holes. The man who strikes it rich is regarded as a very bright follow, but the poor devil who risked all and lost it finds no one willing to listen to his take. It's the up-and-down feature of the oil business that makes it fascinating.

To the farmers the oil boom has been as good as a Klondike strike. Their meadows are dotted with derricks and pumping rods stretch from the power houses to the wells in every direction, compelling them in many cases to turn their meadows into pasture lots, but they are tired of farming and do not complain. Even the Sundays are noisy now, for oil wells must be pumped every day in the week. All day long you hear the squaak of the sucker rods, the his of escaping stoam, the sleady chuck, chuck of the donkey numps that force water from the creek to the wells hack on the hills, and the weird shriek of the "barkers" fastened to the exhaust pipe on the enginese that tell the pumper at the further end of the

No Getting Past First Base. From the Ohio State Journal.

From the Ohio State Journal.

Manchester, in Adams county, has a colored baseball nine that has been beating everything in southern Ohio. Not long since they sent word to West Union, the county seat of that county, that they wished to arrange for a game with the colored boys at that place. Although West Union had no regularly organized nine the challenge was accepted. A team was gotten together and put to practice.

The day for the game arrived and the two teams met on the Fair Grounds. The West Union boys had several players in their team who had never been in a match game and knew as little about the rules as they did about playing. One of them was Pete Johnson, a tall rawbonad darky, who was assigned to hold down first base. Pete's hands were as big as a barn door, and when he opened them out it looked as if it were impossible for a ball to pass him.

The game was called and the visitors took the bat. The first man up hit an easy little pop-up to first base. Pete got under it. It fell plump into his open hands, but bounced out and rolled to one side. The batter reached his base. Pete picked up the ball, and, stepping up to the base, hit the runner in the back with the hand containing the ball and almost knocked the breath out of him.

He stood holding the ball, apparently waiting for the runner to vacate the base. Presently he said:

"You'se out, niggah."

for the runner to vacate the base. Fresently he said:

"You'se out, niggah."
"Naw, I isn't out, nuther," replied the runner.
"Mistah niggah, I sex you'se out," repeated the burly first baseman.
"Naw, I isn't out, protested the runner. "I wux on my base when you touched me."
"An'you sex you isn't out!"
"Course I isn't out, man. You fro' de ball to de nitcher."

"Course I isn't out, man. You fro' de ball to de pitcher.
The umpire called out that the man was safe. The umpire called out that the man was safe. Determine the light period of the ran his hand down into his pants pockets and drew out an ugly looking razor. Striking a menacing attitude, he again directed his attention to the runner, and said:
"Mistah niggab. I sax once mo' you'se out. Now isn't you out?" and he opened the blade of the razor.
"Yessir, yessir," replied the now thoroughly frightened runner. "I'se out, I'se out," and he harred off the base.

frightened runner. "I'se out, I'se out," and he hurred off the base. That ended the game. The visitors saw clearly that they had no possible show of ever getting past first base.

a pewter mug for the 'rock,' as it was called, that innocent old gentleman was glad enough to make the trade. The family tradition is that this rock weighed eighty pounds, and when, years later, a descendant of that Reed learned that a similar rock, found in the same creek, was gold, and it brought him \$350 from a Fayetteville goldsmith, he became certain that the one his forbear had disposed of for a song was an eighty-pound lump of gold-and the family believe so to this day. Whether it was or not, it is a fact that the first report of the United States Mint in 1793, records the receipt of several thousand dollars' worth of gold from North Carolina. No gold had been mined in North Carolina or anywhere else in this country then. If you should ask down in Cabarrus county where they thought that gold could have come from, they'll tell you pretty quick that it was part of that 80-pound nugget old Farmer Reed traded to the peddler for a few shillings' worth of goods. And how are you going to say that

"But the Reed who sold the subsequent nugget for \$350 hadn't much reason to boast over his ancestor of the traditional eighty-pound nugget. The second nugget was the seventeenpounder of the Reed mine record, and was the first one of that lot found. Reed's 12-year-old boy lugged it in from the creek one day, where he had gone to shoot fish. It was shaped like a flatiron, and was called the flatiron stone on that account. It lay about the house four or smith heard of it. He sent word to Reed to fetch it with him some day when he was coming to town, and Reed did so. It was then he learned it. It was worth nearly ten times that, "The selling of that nugget was the beginning

of gold bunting in North Carolina, and it was not many months before all the streams in that part of the State were lined with prospectors, and it was there that the race new to this coun-

\$60,000 in big nuggets alone, and its hundreds and thousands of dollars in smaller nuggets and dust, was not the only phenomenal producer of gold in the pioneer American diggings. The Heaver Dam mine, in Montgomery county, was a wonder. This was the property of a man named Thomas Faney, who, up to the time of the discovery of gold on it, was a thrifty and stendy-going citizen. When he began picking up \$700 worth of gold a day, however—which was the amount his diggings yielded for months—his sudden riches turned his head. He took to drink, and indulged in all sorts of extravagances. He was a great deer hunter, and it is related of him that it became a favorite pastime of his to go hunting his favorite game with bullets run from pure gold. Old residents of that locality tell of the killing of a buck by a hunter long after Faney's death, is the shoulder of which, when this deer was dressed, he found a flattened piece of gold, while in its hip was another—nearly \$100 worth of gold in all. It was supposed that these were a pair of Faney's bullets with which he had wounded the deer some time when he was hunting. Faney drank himself to death while his property was still yielding a fortune.

"The Barringer farm, in Stanley county, if it were giving up gold as it was then, would be a good enough Klondike for any ordinary man. The owner of this property washed for months out of the gravel deposit, and onteropping from a knoll at the side of the creek he noticed a peculiar rock formation. He knew nothing about mining, but he conceived the idea that in those rocks was the hidden source of the gold he had found in the creek. He dug into the hill three feet, and there came to a nest of gold in quartz. He took out 1,500 pennyweights that day. Next day he dug down tweive feet decere, and found in all \$1,000 worth of gold; but he had got below the water level, and the water from the creek broke in two days. The creek had already yielded \$10,000 in less than a mile. Barringer dug down tweive feet decere and found in all \$1,000 w

though more than a generation has passed, is still unsettled, and the Barringer mine remains as it was left when the water came in, with all its possible hidden riches intact. That was the first gold quartz vein ever uncovered in the United States.

"About tee miles east of Charlotte is a locality known as Surface Hill. A good many years ago a man from Virginia went down there and bought some property because he thought there was gold on it. He didn't find any gold, and he abandoned the property, leaving it in the hands of tributers. Tributers were gold diggers that worked land and paid the owners a certain percentage of what they found as tribute for the privilege. These tributers prospected a while, and on the top of a hill they found a bed of decomposed slate not more than a yard square, from which they took 75 pounds of free gold, one nugget weighing 19-3 pounds. This is all the gold they could find on the property. They sold the gold for \$18,000. The nugget was purchased by M. Chevalier Vincent litra Finola for \$2,000. He sent it to Paris.

"The rich placer deposits in North Carolina had been pretty generally worked out when the California gold discoveries were made, and quartz mining was being extensively and profitably developed. There are mines in Rowan, Mecklenberg, Stanley, Cabarris, Union, Montgomery, and other countles, that yielded from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 cach during the few years they were in operation. They are not exhausted yet, but are falle because the ore is low grade at the depth they have reached, and will not warrant mining under present conditions.

"It is no uncommon sight to-day to see men, women, and even children, with primitive pan of rocker, working over the gravel in and along the creeks, especially in the South Mountain field, and although that gravel has been washed and rewashed innumerable times during the past half century it never fails to yield these latter-day prospectors enough to make a good day's wages. With the exception of the Crawford mine and the Sam Christian—a

runs the ferry herself. She is so sharp-eyed and shrewd that it is said no one ever crossed that ferry yet and failed to disgorge gold dust from somewhere about his clothes when the widow Smith fixed him with her eye and boldly and sharply explained.

Smith fixed him with ner eye and sharply exclaimed:

"You've been weshing out gold on me to-day! Hand it over, or overboard you go!"

The widow Smith is an expert mineralogist and metallurgist, and prepares all her own gold for the market, sending it chiefly to Baltimore, She has made a fortune by surface mining, and her diggings are still yielding richly."

ESCAPED IN FULL DRESS.

A Prisoner's Impressive Departure from Libby Without Leave.

When Gen. John Morgan, the famous Confederate raider, visited Libby Prison, early in 1864, he said: "There is no undertaking in the world that you have not men in the prison qualified for; that's why it is strange that more of you fellows don't try to get away."

In Libby Prison, at the time of Morgan's visit, there were about 1,400 officers, from beardless second lieutenants, in their teens, to grizzled leaders of brigades and divisions. These men came not only from every State and Territory in our own land, but they represented the armics of nearly every European nation. We had law-yers, doctors, elergymen, college professors, engineers, editors, and every variety of skilled mechanic. Among the craftsmen was Capt. Cooper of Connecticut, who had learned the trade of taller in his youth, and was conducting clothing store at Hartford, when patriotism dominated profit and sent him into the army.

Where every man "felt sick and mean," to use an expression common at the time, only the very sick and helpless were sent to the prison hospital, the eastern, ground floor room of Libby. Dr. Sabal, the Confederate surgeon in charge of the prison hospital, was as generous and sympathetic as he was handsome and able, and that is saying much. This gentleman kept the hospital full, and the fact that it was much warmer than the other quarters made it a de sirable place.

There is 'one allment which, at the front or in prison, "old soldiers" could assume without immediate fear of detection, and that is rheumatism. Rheumatism of the affected character has kept many a man, with more cunning than courage, out of the range of the enemy's rifles. I was myself in hospital, recovering from typhoid pneumonia, when Capt, Cooper was brought down from the lower east room. Rhenmatism in the legs had so crippled the Captain that he could hardly crawl, but his arms ap peared to be all right. The nurses in the hospital were detailed Union soldiers who had been confined in the Pemberton building, a warehouse lower down and across the street from Libby, Capt, Cooper proved to be a jolly good fellow; but it was noticed that when the Confederate authorities were not about his rheumatism did not seem to interfere with agile locomotion. Where Cooper got his needles and thread I cannot imagine, but be had these coveted appliances, and he used them to repair the damages in the old uniforms of his comrades.

One day while Cooper was sitting cross-legged on his cot repairing the rents in Capt. Bohannan's trousers, La Touche, the prison Adjutant, came n and watched the flying needle with upusual interest. La Touche was a stout man, whose thick neck and florid face bespoke a love for good living. He was very neat in his person, a bachelor, and no end of a gallant, as we afterward " See here, Captain," called out Adjutant La

Touche, after he had watched Cooper for some time, "are you a regular tailor!"
"That is my trade, "replied Cooper.
"Think you could make me a full-dress uniform if I furnished you the materials!" was the next question.

"Think you could make me a full-dress uniform if I furnished you the materials i" was the next question.

"If I had your measure and a plate to go by."
"O, we have no plates, but I can give you the details; I know all about 'cm." Then the Confederate Adjutant went on to say that he had secured all the materials, but that tailoring had become so expensive in the Confederate capital as to preclude the making up of the clothes.

"You see," continued La Touche, "there is to be a ball at the State House in two weeks, and if I could have the suit made up at a reasonable price in time for that event it would take a great load off my mind."

Confederate money had depreclated very much at this time, so that the prices of articles, ordinarily plentiful, were fabulous. Knowing this, the cautious Yankee said:

"What would you have to pay a Richmond tailor for making such a uniform!"

"About \$400," blurted out La Touche.

"If I guaranteed you satisfaction and charged one-half, would you give me the job!"

"Gladly," said the delighted adjutant, and the contract was closed. La Touche must have thoughly the transaction irregular, for there was much secrecy in his manner when the next day he came in alone, carrying a large bundle, in which was the material to be made up.

Cooper examined the goods after taking his customer's measure the customer brought a

he came in alone carrying a large bundle, in which was the material to be made up.
Cooper examined the goods after taking his customer's measure (the customer brought a tape line with him). When La Touche turned to leave, Cooper called out:
"I don't want a deposit, Adjutant, because I'm afraid you'll clear out and not come back to my shop for the goods; but, as you know, a hard-working man needs more and better feed than one who's doing nothing. So if you could let me have a little on account from time to time it would give me nerve for the work.

La Touche took the hint and left \$100. As there were no dangerous cases in the hospital at

La Touche took the hint and left \$100. As there were no dangerous cases in the hospital at this time, the visits of Dr. Sabal and his assistants were confined to the morning and evening. On such occasions Cooper had his work hidden away under his blanket, and his rheumatism was invariably "No better, sir."

With nothing to read, and only the old home or the present situation to think of, time hung like an ever-crushing weight on the hands of the prisoners. But as soon as Cooper started in to work in the hospital every man who could crawl from his hianket gathered about to watch.

Every day, soon after noon, La Touche danced silently into the hospital to be fitted and to see how the work of art was proceeding. At each visit he grew more delighted. "I'll have it ready the day before the ball," said Cooper.

The night before this creation in gray, blue, and gold was completed—it had already been paid for—Capt. Singer of the Thirty-third Ohio, who had about recovered from a gunshot wound in the thigh, received at Chlekamauga, drew me to one side and said:

"I have a plan for escape, and I want you to help me."

"Of course, I'll do it." I said. "But why not

"I have a plan for escape, and. "But why not help me."
"Of course, I'll do it," I said. "But why not let me in I"
"I can't."
"Why not "
"Why not "

Because, confound it, there is only one "My not!"
"Because, confound it, there is only one suit!

Singer then went on to explain that he had planned to take La Touche's uniform from under Cooper's head, and, after putting it on, pass out, when the guards were changed at daylight the next morning. Now, ever since the cloth began to assume form, this idea had taken shape in my mind, and I so told Singer. We drew lots to see which should try it, and my companion won. In my anxiety to see how Singer made out I kept awake all night. On larceny intent he left my side about an hour before daylight. I watched him moving to where Cooper lay, about fifty feet away. Then followed a long sliegee. A half hour passed, and I was wondering a Singer's slowness, when Cooper's angry voice broke the stillness:

"A man who'll try to steal from a fellow soldier in prison is no man at all!" he said; but he did not raise his voice so as to be heard by the guards outside.

"Hut the stuff isn't yours: it belongs to the

"A man wholl try to steal from a fellow soldier in prison is no man at all." he said; but he did not raise his voice so as to be heard by the guards outside.

"A least sort source so as to be heard by the guards outside.

"Bincer protested, helts."

"Helongs to the enemy, elt." Not by a long sight it doesn't. That uniform's mine. Why confound you, ever since La Touche left this aftermon! I we been ut "ork reducing the girth."

"I am, Captain," chuckled Cooper. "Now, old fellow, go back to your blanket; and if you keep your mouth closed and your eyes open at officers in Richmond waltzing out of this prison, with \$100 it grayhacks in his pocket." Singer came back, but there was no need to report, as I had overheard sil.

Cooper's purpose was such swan also known that the doctors came in at 9 in the morning, and that La Touche would be on hand for his uniform at 12, and between these hours Cooper must make his attempt. The doctors went at the doctors came in at 9 in the morning, and that La Touche would be on hand for his uniform at 12, and between these hours Cooper must make his attempt. The doctors went at the doctors came in at 9 in the morning, and that La Touche would be on hand for his uniform at 12, and between these hours Cooper must make his attempt. The doctors went at the doctors came in at 9 in the morning, and that La Touche would be on hand for his uniform at 12, and between these hours Cooper must make his attempt. The doctors went at the doctors went at the cooper is united to the cooper is the strength of the cooper is united to the cooper is the strength of the cooper is the strength

CHASED BY LIGHTNING.

THE REV. DAD HEITER BEAT THE FLUID TO THE GROUND.

tory West Until He Worked It Off in a Sermon-A Missourt County Which Forns Out Short Stories, White Horse Horrors, and Where Quantrell Planued Mis Massacre.

JOHNSON COUNTY, Mo., Aug. 21,-Black Water, Scaly Bark, Big and Bear Creeks are the water courses of this county. There was a time when ghosts, Gorgons, horrors and hair-raising fee-faw-fums had their haunts along these streams. Even to-day one comes unawares upon gravestones in unfrequented places, but the names and epitaplis are worn away.

There is not much doubt that this section was the starting place of many of the stories which drifted and drifted until their identity was lost, The first white comers to this county were from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolines. The first towns of the county are gone. You meet, occasionally, a man or woman whose grandparents knew of Columbus, and Rose Hill, and Beards and Brookstown. But these towns closed up years before the war.

The settlers were deeply religious, from their

viewpoint. High Blue was the camp meeting anot where the people met annually and worshipped until their fervor was exhausted and the absolute necessities of their various homes called them back.

It was at one of these camp meetings that the Rev. Mr. Heiter told his lightning experience, and the story passed down from one generation to another. One day the writer was riding over what is still known in Johnson county as the Old Shawnee Trace—an old road. The other man pointed to a church spire.
"They had hard work to build that church.

though," said the Missourian, whose existence had been confined to one county. "For a long time people who lived about here turned up their noses when preachers hitched and alighted. It was all on account of old Dad Heiter. That yara of bis at High Blue made skeptics and lots of infidels. In them days, so I've hearn, preachers had to do other things than preach. Some ploughed. and some was builders, and occasionally, when they wasn't fit for anything eise, they kers school, when they could find enough young ones to make a school. Dad Helter was a chimley builder, built chimleys to houses. Chimleys in them days was built outside of the house, and was of stone and sometimes of wood, in which case it had to be plastered inside with mud, so the chimley wouldn't catch fire. They had to use scaffolds in building the chimleys, and the scaffold was put up on long poles, higher than the chimley.

fold was put up on long poles, higher than the chimley.

"Dad was preaching at one of the High Blue meetings when a thunder storm came up, and most of the congregation wanted to leave and crowd into their wagons or cabins. But Dad Heiter hadn't finished, and he called to the people to show their faith by staying. He said if they would ask the Almighty to hold back the rain until the sermon was over He would do it.

"Then he told of his experience with the lightning, He was buildin' a chimley, and was at the top of the scaffold when a storm came up. He told how the lightning flashed and how the winds bent trees. He had the chimley all but slinished, and he asked the Lord to tarry the storm until he got through. But the Lord was not inclined, and just then Dan saw a streak of lightning making for him, and he knew he had displeased the Lord in asking too much. So he scaffold poles with his hands, he locked his feet on the pole and slid down without putting on any brakes, and the minute he struck the ground the lightning which he had seen coming followed, and came down the pole right after him. Bud beat it down."

brakes, and the minute he struck the ground the lightning which he had seen coming followed, and came down the pole right after him. Dad beat it down."

"I down."

"I we heard pap say that his pap, who was there right up in front, loading the singing, said that the congregation would a stayed, cause Dad was a power as a preacher as well as a chimler builder—but Dad hadn't moren got the words out when a streak of lightning hit a barrel of cider that sot just back of the stand where Dad had been tearin' round, and split the barrel to fill-ders and boiled up the cider into steam. Then the congregation left, and the people said it was a sign and that Dad was a wolf in sheep's clothing; and the meeting at High Blue broke up, and some of the converts who was to have been baptized that day backslid and there was more horse stealing that winter than ever was known in Johnson county."

Johnson county."

"What's the connection between Mr. Helter's lightning story and the church which you pointed out?"

"Nothing, only Dad Helter lived in this neck of the woods, and you know how long it takes to lame a prejydice." ame a prejydice."
Not far from the banks of Scaly Bark Creek, a

Pointed out! F

"Nothing, only Dad Heiter lived in this neck of the woods, and you know how long it takes to lame a prejydice.

Not far from the banks of Scaly Bark Creek, a waterless runnel, there many years, is the homestead site of a man who came to Johnson county with the distinction of having been one of the staff of Gen. Francis Marion. Of course, the houses tumbled fifty years ago. He had a family of three boys and four girls. They grew up, as they say out here, on the old homestead, and all married here. The California craze of 49 took four of the family. The old Colonel said that the child who remained should inherit the estate, and one of the boys so agreed.

The old Colonel selected a few feet of ground in sight of his favorite window, where he and his good wife were to lie undisturbed "against all comers whatsodever," as it was written in his will. He died soon after. For years his wife sat at the window and watched his grave during the days that she waited. When her last sick ness came they placed her where she could keep up her vigil. After her death the son who came into the inheritance made a faithful husbandman for several years.

It was not until a quarter of a century age that the following story ceased to be told and believed in Johnson county:

The son who had inherited married, and his wife ded years after. He married another woman who was a vixen and he put the homestead in her name so that his children by his first wife could not come in for their share. She sold the homestead and went away with her husband. The ourchaser of the homestead held it many years and sold it to another man who did not like to look at a graveyard every time he stood in his front door, and one day he hired sone men to remove the remains and the tomb stones and level the carth. But nothing was found in either grave.

"You couldn't make the people on Scaly Bark believed for many a day," said the Johnson county man who told the foregoing." that the old Colonel didn't get out of his grave with his wife and merce, we